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MR. DEWEY'S OPPORTUNITY.

President DEWEY says: "The New York Central road says: 'We want to make a model in every respect. We want to have something we can brag about, and are prepared to spend any amount of money to make our tunnel the best in the world.' It is Mr. DEWEY is really earnest in this statement, the people of New York may be congratulated, and THE EVENING WORLD will feel that victory may crown the hardest fight it has ever made in the interest of the public.

Some steps have already been taken to improve the signals in the tunnel and to wards doing away with the smoke of the engines. It is also promised that with legislative authority the Company will proceed to make such changes in the tunnel as will ventilate it properly. Mr. DEWEY feels that whatever system the Company may adopt for lighting and ventilating the tunnel, it will still have to bear the responsibility in case of an accident. But here he is wrong. If an accident should occur, and the New York Central road had taken proper care and precaution against such mishap, and had used the best possible means to make the tunnel safe, there is not a Grand Jury that could be got together that would find fault with the Company. The reason that fault has been found is that, knowing the tunnel was unsafe, having been warned by a previous disaster, the New York Central in nine years did absolutely nothing to decrease the risk that the thousands of passengers riding over its road were running daily.

Promises are only good as indication of what may be done. It is fulfillment that the public wants. The bill directing that the tunnel be ventilated and lighted was delayed in the Assembly yesterday by the contingent favorable to the New York Central road. Mr. DEWEY may here show his honesty of purpose, and reinforce his "intentions" by throwing his influence in doing away with this opposition.

If the New York Central Railroad wants legislative authority for the changes necessary to make safe its tunnel, let it urge the passage of this bill, which is sensible, moderate and absolutely fair.

IS IT REALLY IT?

The present breeze of the microbes as the corner-stone of every disease makes it perfectly in order that a Chicago doctor should have gone on a burning quest for the microbe maker of the grip. But it is rather startling to be told that this wily tangle of our mucous membrane is a dweller in the "star-dust." Dr. Gentry declares, however, that this is its habitat.

It was the epidemic character of the grip's appearance which led the Doctor to whisk a blank slide through this "star-dust," which fills certain stretches of space only, in the hope of trapping the marauder. To his delight, he secured several robust little wrigglers unknown to science. Examination of the mucus of a gripped patient found the microbes in it identical with the "star-dust" aliens.

Eureka! cries Dr. GENTRY. To which the public replies: "If you have got it, kill it!" The discovery of the grip microbe is only grateful as a condition to its extinction, and Dr. Gentry will do a real good if he annihilates it.

PAIRER HOPES.

There is no good gained by cherishing belief in Dr. Koc's lymph if it is not the cause for tuberculosis which it was thought to be. It is much better to know that the hope it inspired is delusive than that poor consumptive patients should nurse sanguine hopes of its worth which are futile.

Prof. GIZEN, of the Pasteur Institute, after thorough experimenting with the lymph, declares that, except very restrictedly, it is inefficacious. It produces no appreciable biological modification of the tubercular bacilli, has no inhibitory action on the progress of the disease, and, in his opinion, is "one of the greatest medical delusions that have ever existed, and is rejected in question should be completely rejected from therapeutics." This is strong testimony against the lymph, and coming from an enthusiastic student in bacteriology, not without force.

The would-be wrecker of a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger train on the Burlington branch has confessed. He is a boy of thirteen. He declares he did it "to get even," as his express wagon was smashed by a train. Juvenile depravity in the line of viciousness makes these children male factors sends who should be suppressed.

The Duke of Devonshire, as a cruel game, objects to the marriage of his son,

the Marquis of Hartington, to the Duchess of Manchester, on the ground that the lady is too old. HARTINGTON'S constancy to the woman, who is charming even when past sixty, is not more gratifying than the fact that society's sympathy preponderates on the Marquis's side.

BELLE STARR's daughter, PEARL, has been caught horse-stealing in Texas in the guise of a dashing cowboy. Heredity will tell. PEARL is the daughter of her mother, and shows the strain of her desperate father, COLM YOUNGER. It is hard luck to be saddled with a parent's shortcomings, physically or morally.

As an extinguisher, the fire-boat New Yorker is a brilliant success. At her first shore fire she made connection between the North River and a blazing building with a 35-inch stream of water which instantly spread darkness like a garment over the fire. The boat is a corker.

A letter-carrier committed suicide yesterday under pathetic circumstances. He was ill, his work was hard, and three sisters looked to him and his brother for support. Fear that he would lose his job drove him to despair, and he cut his throat. Such a tragedy is full of sadness.

The Birkett Bridge bill is a good subject for legislative electrocution. It proposes to give so much to the projected corporation that there will be nothing left for the two great cities most vitally interested in the building of the bridge.

Senator CHANDLER is accused of importing JERRY SIMPSON and the Alliance boom in order to pay up old scores against New Hampshire Republicans. JERRY is putting forward his best and no longer seeks foot.

Warden OSBORNE, of the Tombs Prison, is dying of consumption. He is a genial, warm-hearted man, conscientious and full of human sympathy for his charges. Warden OSBORNE will be a loss as a good official.

Since the State Treasurer of the Farmers' Alliance in Arkansas has already been victimized by an ordinary bunco man how can the Alliance hope to cope with the greater sharpers in politics?

There is no reputation more delicate than that of a bank. Recent experiences have shown that, once assailed, it is almost certainly lost.

New York is the acknowledged king of sporting towns. Naturally, since her athletes are the kings of their order.

SPOTLIGHTS.

The Newfoundland dogs that are most in favor on the island just now are the "dogs of war."

France regards imperial claims to power as pretensions rather than pretensions.

A tailor cannot be expected to be all that he seems.

It is not true that the President, on hearing of Mr. Blaine's malady, daily remarked: "Chances are you got it."

The girl who was at Koster-ide the man she thinks to be is very apt to find she is in an April fool.

Judging from the signs on the doors one cannot hope to get in without "push" and a "pull."

How Agrippa would feel at home here during the epidemic. Almost every other man is a "grippe."

The dead-letter office for the ocean mail is not "Davy Jones's locker."

No matter how many loaves a canal may have it is seldom supplied with a quail.

Old age is the only hope for a man who has failed at everything, even suicide.

Would Ripen on the Way.

Daughters—Hold on, those oranges are green as grass! You don't mean to say that you would send me green oranges, do you?

Dearest (sighing)—Certainly not, sir. I thought you wanted them delivered by messenger boy.

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THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Great Army of Workingwomen—Delicate Shades in Gloves and Their Prices—To Remove Ink From Table Cloths—A Word About Skirts.

Statistics assert that there are 15,000,000 workingwomen in the United States, and these figures do not include stenographers, teachers, journalists, artists, authors, and women in professional life. This army of wage-earners according to the report of the Commissioner of Labor average \$170 a year.

Here is a love letter from a sweet woman who has longed and suffered: "My dear girl, no man of honor ever continually visited a girl, talked of love and yet said that he did not think of marriage. If he does not think of marriage he ought not to woo her, and the sooner your acquaintance with him ceases the better it will be for you. The man you expect to love should expect to make you his wife and you cannot afford to listen to protestations of never-dying affection from men who do not propose to put you in that most honorable of all positions—the position of a wife. I wish I could get near enough to each one of you to put my hand on your shoulder and look in your eyes, and say: 'Take care! Women whose lives have been those of shame and sorrow meet their first temptation in this way. Go straight to your father or your brother and tell them what this man has said to you. Hear what they say, and see what they think, and if they are the honest-hearted men I believe them to be, they will tell you as I do. Listen to no word of love that is not followed by the suggestion of an early marriage.'"

Worldlings. Fully two-thirds of the professional criminals of the country have decorations in India ink tattooed in some part of their bodies. The decorations please the owner and sometimes aid in his identification when he is wanted for a crime.

Rudyard Kipling was twenty-five years old last Tuesday. He has been writing since he was seventeen and is a hard worker, frequently putting in fourteen hours at his desk. At such times he lives a life of seclusion, seeing no one but his most intimate friends.

Fanny Davenport has a charming Summer home at "Hillside," in an old house that lies at the foot of the mountains in Pennsylvania. The house is a model of domestic comfort and is surrounded by trees and lawns.

Miss Vanhook, daughter of the West Virginia Senator, is one of this season's Washington debutantes. She is quite eighteen, a tall and graceful blonde, with a pretty figure and features. She is a good linguist and a clever musician.

Mary Anderson's favorite articles of diet, according to a Louisville chef, are lamb chops and sweetbreads. She is also very fond of spinach.

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"Will do," Willie's mother asked him. "He'll go out there and never hear grandpa's tooting."

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had for 20 cents a yard. Buy a ready made gown, get 20 cents worth of bright braid for the bottom, and you have another nice skirt that will wash, look pretty and keep you warm. In the cotton stock there are stripes by the hundred for 10 cents, which make bright trimming such as red, blue or brown Holland, for the dounce will enhance. The use of an old dress for an undershirt is not pretty, nor necessary in these days of heat, satin, seersucker, grass linen, serge, velvet, satin and arika's cotton at from 8 to 20 cents a yard. With a suit of woolen underwear only one skirt is needed.

At a recent dinner a basket of white lilies was placed in the center of the table, whence radiant rays of light and smiles. At the end of each table there was a large cluster of violets resting on a lace handkerchief. Each little bit of lace with its fragrant weight was given to a lady guest as a favor. Either violets or rosebuds would be effective, and no favor could be daintier or more acceptable than the lace handkerchief and its scented wealth.

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THE CLEANER.

I regret to hear that one of the victims to the prevailing malady of the grip is the energetic woman, Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer. Ayer's capacity for work is enormous, and fear that this the busiest time of the year for her, has proved too great a strain and made her an easy prey to the insidious grip. Her friends, who are many, will be glad to hear of her recovery.

The Easter-eggs of the New York confectioners are a long way off from the simply dyed hard-boiled eggs of the country places. Satin, with exquisite painting on them, or large chocolate eggs with "The Surrender of Breda," "The Flight of the Dutch," and such scenes are a little too much. One poor egg cannot shoulder everything.

Mr. Joseph Hutton will probably be a guest at the Fellowship dinner, which is to take place on the last day of this month. There are always some brilliant strangers at these dinners, and the real quality of the Fellowship is never better brought out than in these cheerful symposia, where so much bright talk goes on so lowly under the red, red rose which hangs, the symbol of fidelity and honor, over the banquet table.

I went into an old-time downtown restaurant on Good Friday for my luncheon. The waiter brought me two buns with raisins in them and a sticky sort of vanilla on them. A Greek cook adorned them and made me see that they were "Hot Cross Buns," the one of particular diet. The waiter told me that the restaurant had made a specialty of serving these to its patrons on Good Friday for the past dozen years. "Oh, one year, when they forgot it!" he added with a grin.

Some of the florists at Easter-time take an extra store if they can secure one, the trade is so heavy. I was in one on Sixth Avenue which was crowded with flowers, nearly all being potted plants. Hyacinths, azaleas, crocuses, hies and a large flowering azalea of the golden variety were the most in demand. The golden plant is quite a tree with an exceedingly fine leaf and myriads of tiny yellow blossoms. There was one nearly twenty feet in height, which was loaned for the modest sum of \$60. A good azalea just brings \$20 or \$25. When the quantity of these plants that are used is considered, it will be seen that the bill for Easter decorations is no trifling one.

I don't suppose anybody will be sorry that Lent is over and Springtime here again. Even those who have had their breakfast every morning for the last forty days will be pleased to feel that other people may now do the same. The fair pilgrims to Old Point, St. Augustine, Bermuda and other heavenly places are trooping back for the Spring racket in town.

For two acts I was in the audience watching the performance of "A Straight Tip" at the New York Theatre the other night. The house was crowded and the measure of approval was bestowed on the performers. The audience at the Broadway Theatre, which I afterwards visited, was but a handful, and evidence of its appreciation of the efforts of Edw. Booth in "Hamlet," were sadly lacking. These facts speak many things.

I see that William Henry Clifford and his brother-in-law, Philip Henry Brown, are at the Plaza. Mr. Clifford is the son of the late Justice Clifford, and he and his brother Frank are two of the handsomest men in Portland, Me. Having fine physiques which they inherited from their father, William H. Clifford married only a few days ago, a bride from Portland, a millionaire sugar refiner and banker.

A rumor comes to the Gleaner by the way of Albany to the effect that there has been an accident to the late Judge Brady, of the Supreme Court. Until recently it was said to be settled that Judge Ingraham, of the Superior Court, would be appointed, and that Civil Justice Alfred Stecker would get his place. The change was made to have been made upon the death of Judge Brady, of the Supreme Court. Until recently it was said to be settled that Judge Ingraham, of the Superior Court, would be appointed, and that Civil Justice Alfred Stecker would get his place. The change was made to have been made upon the death of Judge Brady, of the Supreme Court.

I have seen several instances in which the Committee on the Selection for the Spring Exhibition on the selection of the Spring Exhibition made a special selection of the best of the state and substitutes that of David McClure, Mr. McClure is prominent as counsel for Archbishop Corrigan.

In a tailor's on Broadway recently one of the young fellows who sets his clothes there was looking at some trousers. The shopman was extolling the virtue of a very handsome piece of cloth, from which he wished to make an \$18 pair of unmentionables for the customer. "It is elegant cloth," he texture and weight give such a bang to it, and," he added, "satisfactorily," "but what if it wears out?" As he said it, it really sounded like a rare and peculiar excellence in that particular fabric not to be worn